

"Oh, We Fell Out, My Wife and I!"

By Beatrice Fairfax

"JOHN," said the wise woman, entering his office unannounced, "I've had a talk with Mary."

"Yes?" said John, raising eyebrows of polite inquiry at this unceremonious intrusion on his special premises, his office.

"She's not happy, John. Are you?"

"Really, my dear wife, I don't see why Mary inflicts her private grievances upon her friends."

"She didn't with spirit. I knew she was unhappy, and I asked her what was the matter."

John looked out over the city roofs, the while drawing circles and triangles on the blotting pad on his desk.

Where the Trouble Lay Between Them

"Evidently Mary and I made a mistake; we are not suited to each other," he said at last.

"Yes, you are—perfectly suited to each other, if you would only take the pains to adapt yourselves to circumstances. The trouble with you is that you are neither makes any allowance for the other."

"When I fell in love with Mary," said John, "she was the prettiest, gayest girl in town. Now—"

"She is still pretty, and will be gay if you help to make her so."

"I?" said John, in aggrieved surprise. "What have I done? I work like a slave and go home to a poorly cooked dinner half the time, and sit by myself all evening—a nice, cheerful home for a tired man."

"Do you spend all your evenings that way?" asked the wise woman, pointedly.

John flushed uncomfortably. "No," he said. "I generally go to the club. There, at least, I can find companionship."

"That is, I am Mary who sits alone at home?"

"She has the baby, and, judging from

the affection and time she lavishes upon him, he ought to be enough company for her."

John Jealous Of the Baby.

John was such a picture of mingled righteousness and jealousy that the little woman had trouble to keep from laughing outright. "John Newton!" she exclaimed. "You are not such a goose as to be jealous of your own baby?"

John looked foolish. "Of course not," he hastened to exclaim, "but, really, Mary has no time for any one but that kid."

"Before we were married I used to dine two or three times a week at Mary's home. She did the housekeeping, and I tell you, she did it well. I never have had such delicious meals. Everything was perfectly cooked and served. All was oiled wheels. But now, I tell you, it's mighty different."

"How many servants were there in Mary's father's house?"

"Oh, I don't know—a dozen or so, I guess."

"And how many are there in yours?"

John Sees The Drift.

John began to see the drift of the little woman's questions. "Two," he said, awkwardly. "The general servant and the baby's nurse."

"And yet," mused the wise little lady, "things are not as well done as they used to be. Strange, isn't it? Don't be silly, John. Mary had an excellent cook and well-trained servants to carry out her orders in the old days. Now she has to do the best she can with a second-rate cook, who does the waiting as well. She would indeed be a wizard if her meals were as good as they used to be. When you can save her as much money, she will give you the meals you used to enjoy."

"That evening as the wise woman, whose husband was out of town, sat eating her solitary dinner, the telephone rang."

"Mrs. Newton would like to speak to you, ma'am," said the neat little maid.

"Hello, Mary. Yes, you and John are just off to the theater?"

"Hello, how is he? Sound asleep, with baby how is he? What's that, dear? You are so happy."

"I hear it. Good-by, dear."

"I have been unreasonable about that, I admit, but how about Mary's spending all her time on the baby and none on me?"

"That's a fault every young mother is apt to fall into; she is so afraid something will happen to him, that she worries unnecessarily. She loves you more than she does the baby, John; but she seems so helpless and dependent on her. She has brought him into the world, and she feels responsible for him; you can help her a great deal if you try. Some day, you know, you will have to take most of the responsibility off her shoulders; he will need your guidance and training as the years go by. Don't grow away from him and from her."

The wise woman paused. Should she speak about the cocktails? No; that was Mary's business, and she knew that if John once again came within the magic of the home circle all would be well.

"John," she said, earnestly, "please, don't think me an interfering busybody. I could not see Mary's and your happiness wrecked. I knew that all that was needed was to open your eyes. Mary is ready to meet you half way; are you ready to meet her?"

Yes, he said.

I Love Her.

John's gray eyes looked the wise woman straight in the face.

"Yes," he said firmly. "I am. I love Mary, and this estrangement has been a great grief and worry. I'll begin tonight by not stopping."

At the club," finished the wise woman, eagerly.

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DAILY FASHION TALK TO TIMES READERS

Cost of This Garment in Two Materials

White Nainsook.	
2½ yards of white nainsook, 36 inches wide, 15c yard.....	\$0.38
¾ yards of embroidery edging, 15c yard.....	.49
Total.....	.87
White Cambric.	
2½ yards of white cambric, 36 inches wide, 12½c yard.....	\$0.32
¾ yards of embroidery edging, 12½c a yard.....	.42
Total.....	.74



YOUR underwear must fit these days if you are not to be a hopeless back number so far as style is concerned. That the snug fitting petticoat is the salvation of the woman inclined to stoutness is known for a fact, but many slender women do not realize that the undershirt, buttoned with fullness about the hips is fatal to the desired effect of a modish gown. The model which is given here today is the sort of petticoat in demand among smart women. It can be finished with a yoke or without, with an underfacing or with a belt at the upper edge. The backs can be laid in inverted plaits or they can be gathered, or they can be cut off in habit style. The circular cut means freedom at the lower edge with-

out bulk over the hips, and is always both comfortable and pretty. Cross-barred muslin makes exceedingly attractive petticoats of this sort. Fine lace or batiste are favorite materials, and cotton crepe is constantly growing in favor. A trill of embroidery or of lace makes a pretty finish for the lower edge, but it is not necessary, for an underfacing can be used whenever preferred.

For the medium size will be required 2½ yards material 24 or 27, 3½ yards 22, or 2 yards 18 inches wide, with ¾ yards of embroidery.

A May Manton pattern is required for the petticoat given you today, and may be purchased at Goldenberg's.

THE TIMES INQUIRY COLUMN

Preparing Oysters.

Mrs. Blondheim—I am glad to republish at your request the recipe for preparing oysters which I gave in The Times of September 11. Here is what I used:

A popular chafing dish preparation served by a Washington girl combines oysters and mushrooms with a flavoring of sherry. She plumps about twenty oysters in their own liquor and reserves the liquor. Then she cooks a couple of tablespoonsful of chopped mushrooms in a couple of tablespoonsful of butter for five minutes, turns in a couple of tablespoonsful of flour and adds the oyster liquor gradually.

She cooks the mixture three minutes, or until the sauce becomes limpid and smooth and then turns in the oysters with half a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a saltspoonful of salt, and a dash of egg and a tablespoonful of sherry. The oysters are served on toast or biscuits.

Tomato Catsup.

D. T. P. and E. F. R.—Here is a recipe for tomato catsup which is made without any vinegar at all, and in the length of time the catsup should be cooked.

To make it, you will need ½ bushel

of ripe tomatoes, ½ ounce cayenne, 1 head of garlic, ½ ounce of ground

mace, ½ ounce of ginger, ½ ounce of cloves.

Slice the tomatoes without peeling. Put into china lined kettle, and boil until tender. Press through a sieve all the pulp. Boil until reduced to two-thirds of its bulk. Add all the ingredients, and boil thirty minutes longer; then bottle, cork, and seal.

Tattooing.

A Subscriber—Tattooing is done in this country to some extent, being most common in seaport towns where it is regarded by sailors as a guarantee of good luck.

It flourishes in its most complex forms, however in New Zealand, East India, the Archipelago and Polynesia. The Japanese have brought it to a high state of perfection.

Queen Victoria's Age.

L. R. Harris—Queen Victoria died at the age of eighty-one, having reigned sixty-three years.

King Edward died at sixty-nine, after a reign of nine years.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF HOBBLE SKIRTS

Waning of Summer Brings Out Several Styles Now In Vogue.

For all the fun that has been made of hobble skirts, and for all the fact that they are soon to vanish in the influx of empire gowns, for the rest of the summer and part of the fall they are still with us, and it behooves us still to observe the different forms which the abhorred "shackle" may take.

There is the broad, tucked flounce, cut straight and with the full skirt gathered into it. Sometimes there is a straight vertical band down the front of the skirt also, reaching from the belt to the "hobble."

Then there is the stitched band into which the skirt is gathered, with double rows of buttons down its five or six lines of stitching.

Shirring, moreover, is in favor and makes the very easiest way of gaining the shackle effect. Two or three rows of all that are necessary, and the style is very good on a thin wash gown.

Quilling, ruching, and fringing all come in for their share of work as shackle producers. They are stitched below the knees, so as to give the effect without the discomfort, and are, therefore, hailed by the maiden with the athletic stride.

Finally, there is the absolutely plain, straight skirt, falling from the gathered skirt, with only a row of silk or satin, which even over the knees, is called, though, of course, it is not really a ruffle at all.

BLACK VELVET HATS AMONG FAVORITES

Fabric hats for the early autumn are the latest whim of fashion, which dictates that millinery composed of some kind of material shall hold pre-eminence, and in the term fabric are included a large number of plain and figured stuffs.

Perhaps the fabric hat that is to rank as chief favorite is velvet, and velvet, moreover, in its darkest shade, but as nothing proves more becoming to woman's complexion than black velvet millinery, this should be received as good news by the feminine world.

The predominance of black velvet this autumn for millinery is, of course, merely the outcome of the craze for this fabric which was in evidence during the summer, when even over the knees, is called, though, of course, it is not really a ruffle at all.

Black velvet parasols and wear broderie Anglaise frocks combined with black velvet.

Chats With the Puzzlers

By Frances Carroll

"I THINK the puzzlers will agree that this week's problem is an ideal one," writes one member of our puzzle circle today, who, although his solution is not yet complete, has sent a line to the Puzzle Editor just to say that he is "getting on" toward the end of the list.

"I have enjoyed the loco this week," he continues, "because the author has struck a happy medium between the puzzle that is too easy and the puzzle that is too difficult. This holds my interest and enthusiasm, and at the same time I succeed in getting some results for my work."

Now, the puzzlers may have fun in solving the week's problem and speculating upon the announcement of the winners, but their task is not half so interesting as that of the Puzzle Editor. The letters which come to my desk have been particularly interesting this week. One, with its heavy border of black, tells me that the puzzle corner has brought hours of diversion to a woman who is in deep sorrow. Another letter says:

"I cannot realize, my dear Miss Carroll, how much happiness a deaf man like myself can get from these puzzles. The daily puzzle chat in The Times breaks in like a ray of sunshine upon my isolation."

There are also the letters full of fun, that come each week from the scores of faithful members of our circle. Not one of these could be dispensed with by the editor, who also gladly welcomes each newcomer.

I hope those who have not thus far joined the list of jumbled names of famous painters, will do so at once. It is true that the contest

Prizes Offered Puzzle Solvers.

Weekly prizes of five, three, and two dollars, respectively, are given to the contestants for the puzzle printed on the Woman's Page of the Sunday evening edition of The Times each week for the three solutions adjudged worthy.

The contest, which closes at 2 p. m. on Friday of each week, is open to all who care to solve the puzzles. The awards are based, primarily, on correctness, timeliness, and neatness. Originality in presentation also receives consideration in awarding the prizes.

One who signs herself "A Hopeless Puzzler" writes: "In the presence of such illustrious artists as these, surely no one would have the temerity to add his or her solution with painting, so I am going to send in a plain typewritten list, when I have completed my work."

Es I do not agree with this puzzler. The jumbled list this week affords opportunity for making some interesting cards on which are reproduced famous madonnas and other paintings of great masters would enable the successful puzzler to submit a most attractive solution in booklet form.

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BEQUEST FOR CAT IS MADE BY WOMAN

Mrs. Sarah Zabriskie, of Newport, Remembers Pet Feline in Will.

In her will, presented for probate at Newport, R. I., the late Mrs. Sarah Titus Zabriskie made a large number of bequests to charitable objects.

She also provided for the care of her cat. The will was made in New York May 19, 1902, and makes George Zabriskie, the Rev. George C. Houghton and Stephen Baker, of New York, executors. Mrs. Zabriskie was long a summer resident of Newport and died a month ago.

Mrs. Zabriskie provided for the care of her pet cat in a codicil which directed that if both the testator and her daughter should die at or about the same time "that the said cat be immediately taken to death painlessly with chloroform by Dr. Thomas G. Sherwood, of 107 West Thirty-seventh street, New York, or the services of Dr. Sherwood cannot be obtained by some other competent person."

The cat mentioned in the codicil was under the care of Dr. Sherwood, a veterinarian. Attendants say the cat died either shortly before or a short time after the death of Mrs. Zabriskie. The cat was old and had been sick for several years. It was known as "Whiskers."

Mrs. Zabriskie was said to be extremely fond of the animal.

BRAHMA

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

If the red slayer thinks he slays, Or if the slain thinks he is slain, They know not well the subtle ways I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forget to me is near, Shadow and sunlight are the same; Or if the slain thinks he is slain, And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out, When me they fly, I am the wings; I am the doubter and the doubt, And I the hymn the Brahmins sing.

The strong gods plan for my abode, And mine in vain the sacred seven; But thou, mere mortal, dost to me, Find me, and turn thy back on me.

CHICKEN LIVER-MUSHROOMS

For one pound each mushrooms and chicken livers put a piece of butter larger than an egg into the blazer with the chicken livers and cook ten minutes from the time they begin to cook. Add one pint of cream and a pound of mushrooms, discarding most of the stems. Cook ten minutes after the cream begins to boil. Add one teaspoonful flour dissolved in a little cold milk. If the cream is very heavy it needs but half as much flour. Boil up a moment longer, adding salt and pepper to taste. Serve on toast.

Bedtime Stories

JOHNNIE AND BILLIE BUSHYTAIL

By HOWARD R. GARIS

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I—JOHNNIE AND BILLIE LEARN TO JUMP.

SAMMIE and Susie Little, the rabbits of whom I told you in the book just before this, lived in an underground house called a burrow, but Johnnie and Billie Bushytail had their home in a nest on a tall tree. No, they were not birds, though they did live in a nest. Yes, you have guessed it. They were squirrels.

Once upon a time Billie and Johnnie, who were brothers, lived with their papa and mama in a nice nest, on the Orange mountains, but one day the papa and mama squirrel were caught in a trap by a boy. He did not mean to be cruel, but he did not know any better, so he took the two poor, frightened squirrels away with him. He put them in a nice cage, with a wheel that whirled around faster than the fastest merry-go-round you ever rode upon.

The boy gave the squirrels nice things to eat, and was very kind to them, but of course he did not know that they would much rather have been let loose, to run in the woods. They would rather have done this than play all day in the wire house with the whirling wheel, that went around so fast. But the boy kept Mama and Papa Bushytail shut up, though one day they got loose, and, oh, how glad they were! But I am not going to tell you about that now. I will leave that for another story and for this time I will tell you how Johnnie and Billie Bushytail learned to jump.

When their papa and mama were taken away from them, the little boy squirrels were much frightened, until their grandpa came for them, and took them home with him.

"You and I will have to look after Billie and Johnnie until their papa and mama come back," said Grandpa Lightfoot to Grandpa Lightfoot, for that was their name. They could jump from a tall tree and land on one tree down so lightly that you could not hear them. That is why they were called Lightfoot.

"Yes, we will take good care of them," agreed Grandpa Lightfoot, and she arranged the softest leaves she could find in the nest on the tall oak tree, so Johnnie and Billie could sleep well.

The two little squirrels lived with their grandparents for several weeks, until Johnnie and Billie were pretty well grown. All this while they stayed in the nest, or else went only a little way out on a limb, for they were afraid of falling.

One day Grandpa Lightfoot said to his wife:

"I think it is time we taught Johnnie and Billie to jump. They are getting big now and will soon have to learn to gather nuts and things for themselves."

"It is a good idea," agreed Grandpa. "I will watch you teach them."

So Grandpa Lightfoot took the two little boy squirrels to the edge of the nest.

"We will begin with a very easy lesson," said he.

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"We will begin with a very easy lesson," said he.

Grandma, and even Jennie jumped several times to show them how it ought to be done, they would not try.

Then, all at once, when the old squirrels were down on a far limb, what should come flying out of the woods but a big owl. He wanted to eat Billie and Johnnie, and he swooped right at them. Then they were too frightened to stay up there alone on the limb by the nest, and they jumped down where their Grandpa and Grandpa were, and the owl did not get them.

"Fine!" cried Grandpa Lightfoot. "You have at last learned to jump!"

"Now, if you do not pull the cat's tail once tomorrow, I shall tell you, tomorrow night how Billie Bushytail found some Christmas nuts."

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